

Merry weather log

1939

Xerox

1939

The afternoon of this unprepossessing day saw the arrival of the first members of the 1939 crew: Eliot T. Putnam, jr., and L. E. Putnam. Ploughing through a last half mile of cattle, they reached the gate at the top of the hill about 3 pm and descended to find camp as shipshape as possible - float out, ice in the ice-house, wood-box full, etc.. Opening the big room they discovered that there had been other occupants during the winter: a family of chipmunks! The chipmunks were soon coped with, and after unpacking, bed-making, and various other preparations, a light snack was partaken of in the early gloaming. And 8.30 was the retiring hour.

Saturday
June 24
Wind: easterly
Cloudy: showers

This day was largely spent hunting for a shred of blue sky, but to no avail. And a trip to the store resulted in a few necessary purchases and a pleasant bit of chit-chat. Great sleeping after lunch, followed by some serruptitious and fruitless angling. We surmise that the fish must have known it was illegal bait, for we saw a fair-sized bass within two feet of the hook, completely ignoring it.

Sunday
June 25
Wind: NNE
cloudy: showers

Shortly after 6 pm arrived L.T. and K. J. T., via the Yellow House, thus completing the crew for the coming week. A light collation was prepared, with the headmaster officiating at the skillet, and after a pleasant reunion by the fire we all retired to keep the 12-hours-per-night record intact.

The weather is improving slowly and we hope surely; it still leaves a lot to be desired. A trip to Waterville this morning by the gents proved most satisfactory; they returned with a supply of food to last an army a month, including a piece of beef which was so large that it threw the ciliary department into a panic. In the afternoon the Puts departed to dine at the Yellow House, returning about 9 pm to a dormant camp.

At last the sun appears! Coyly he stuck his head out about 11 am - and such a racing and chasing about ensued to see who could acquire the most tan before he went in again. There was no need to hurry: The weather had definitely changed. Most of the afternoon was spent in a fever of excitement over the roast, which cooked with majestic slowness. And most of the evening was spent over a banquet fit for a king. Otherwise life was uneventful.

Monday
June 26
Cloudy

Tuesday
June 27
Wind: NW
warmer: sunshine

Today the "Home of Rest for Tired Teachers" was frightfully busy cultivating sun-tans. The costumes displayed were bizarre and chic to a degree. Two of the more striking ones were the Putnam Pith Helmet and the Terry Cloth Tarpaulin.

Wednesday
June 28
Wind: SW
hot and hazy

In the evening the game of Anagrams occupied the company until much later than they had intended, followed by an audition of the Louis-Galento battle, over the radio of the Putnam chariot. This last we freely admit was slow, and no one stayed to hear the end. Two-ton Tony wasn't worth the sacrifice of even fifteen minutes' sleep.

We, the editors, are humiliated. We forgot to mention that Sunday, June 25, was the anniversary of the Terry wedding, even as today is that of the Puts. The way in which they were celebrated was gentle and agreeable. We saved our combined energies for a banquet this evening, with many touching toasts, and lots of ice-cream and cake. The only other event worthy of note was the repairing of L.T's ailing back by the Oakland osteopath, so that the headmaster will be in driving trim for the sad homeward trek tomorrow.

Thursday
June 29
Wind: S
hot and hazy

Our beautiful basking weather is gone - in a deluge! At 10 am this morning Monk and Kay took off on a drizzly journey to Concord, Mass. We do hope that the back behaves itself. We miss them both so much!

Friday
June 30
Wind: SE
rain

(At this point the log is taken over by T.L. as editor, with M.A.L. as censor, and David Lynes as the campers. T.L., then, from here carries on with cheer and goodly gree.)

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The drive from Groton took seven hours in a warm southeaster that kept traffic reduced to lowest terms and allowed torrents of rain to wash the way before us. We arrived, wet, at 6 pm and had a warm welcome from the Puts, God bless 'em. With us came a young helper, Linette Bixby of Groton, who is to take the burden of our song from our kitchen shoulders. TL and MAL settled down in the Wigwam, with Davey in Downing Street and Linette in Oddfellows' Hall. Restoratives thwarted incipient colds for male adults. Supper, a quiet, food-inhaling affair took its leisurely course. Despite the cold air there was a dip in the pond. Then bed.

Casual breakfasts, 7 till 10 am. Weather has learned to behave itself, for the mist broke away from the sun by noon for clearing westerly breezes to make us happy. We opened the piano to dry it out and by supper-time the whole gamut worked adequately well.

Saturday
July 1
Wind: W
clearing

Laura, with her water-colors, and MAL and Davey with their aquapastels, bis fair to start something different in the history of camp. We feel like organizing them into an "American Academy of Alkali Art". They reproduce in realistic fashion the familiar views hereabouts, and we have a real hope that they may be willing to sell for a fair fee a few of their pictures that have pupil-appeal.

The man-power of the camp launched one of the green boats this morning.

ETP jr and LEP, having become bird-conscious, now are taking daily walks in order to extend their already large list of recognized birds. It's a grand hobby.

The boat-house was put in order during the morning watch (8-12 noon) and we nearly wept to find so many ownerless toothbrushes. Handfuls of them went into the discard; green handles, red ones, and Uncle Tom Cobbly an' a', out they went. And where are faces that once so willingly contained these abominations? "Gone, all are gone". Darn it, is a face less durable than a toothbrush?

Sunday
July 2
Wind: NW
cool: dry

Davey swam to the point this morning. That makes a record: July 2nd, and all the boys in camp have passed the test. Hot dog!

Anagrams in the evening. Fun, but we prefer sleeping.

The editor was beaten by the moon last night and gave up the fight by getting up at 3.30 am. He says he won't do it again.

Monday
July 3
Wind: N
cold!

ETP and TL took a shot at Martin Stream this morning. They went to the meadow on the old road and fished down the stream for about a mile. Lots of kivvies, lots of dace, a few river perch, and nary a trout. Water about right, too. We went through the meadow, then struck into the brush till we hit an old trail that took us to a very decent woodroad, and this led us to an abandoned lumber camp beside a large beaver dam. There was lots of evidence of beavers being there, for the house had new sticks on it, but we saw no beavers and caught no trout. If one were to penetrate further along the water to a place below that dam we are sure that one can get trout a plenty. But we had no time to do this.

Mexico received its first attention of the season and was defeated in 275 strokes.

MAL put the north end of the main room in order today.

TL to Waterville in the afternoon on errands for the good of the camp and of mankind in general.

There are lots of fishermen anchored off the north end of Oak Island and the report is that they are taking sizable bass. Salmon are still being caught between Pine Island and the east shore by men in noisy boats with outboard motors. Boo!

As ETP has a three-day fishing license he is really in duty bound to use it daily. So we went to try the Mary Worcester brook. We caught lots of small trout and kept four good ones, the largest of which was caught by ETP after a piece of cagey stalking. If you go there to fish, start in at the top of the rolling meadow south of the Mary Worcester flats (that makes it a mile of brook before you arrive at her line). Leave your car where the new road cuts over the rolling meadow and go down that meadow on the southern edge to reach the tiny, ice-cold stream. It is dirty fishing and it is great fun. No flies; you can't reach the water that way. Use worms, delicate ones. There are mosquitoes!

Tuesday
July 4
Wind: NW
clear

In the afternoon MAL went in to Oakland to shop and came back with the biggest native strawberries on record.

ETP and TL out early, eager to use up the last day of the 3-day license. We went again to Martin Stream, and this time we fished up the brook from the meadow bridge. We caught no fish (no trout) but we had a most wonderful time. After a few rods of swampy going the water suddenly comes down through granite ledges and between mossy boulders. And this for a fair mile until it is broken by another and greater beaver dam than that below the bridge. No beavers in sight, but there were bird songs afloat and a soft breeze played along the rock-staked brook-bed.

Wednesday
July 5
Wind: SW
very hot

The second green boat and buoy went out today.

In the afternoon the man-power of the camp knocked down the tent frame next the Wigwam. (This had been Skipper's counsel to Putty, and he and Monk had demolished the tent frame in Sunshine Alley before we arrived.) The wood in both frames was not worth saving, and the screenings were pretty badly in need of repair. Skipper had said to store the good wood but we could find none. So, instead of throwing the whole on the bon-fire we got Ernest Cook to cart it away for his own kindling pile. He may be able to build something of it all, but no one else could do it.

The Puts left us this morning at 7.45, and we Thursday
hated to see them pull out. It has been a grand July 6
time we have had together, and they would have Wind:SW
preferred to stay on, but the Harvard Summer School calls. hotish

An Oakland trip in the afternoon by MAL netted more of those immense strawberries, and a Flit Gun, by jingo!

The afternoon we spent in and out of the water and in doing a few odd jobs that could be done in the shade. It now feels as if a slight shift of wind might bring in a thunder shower, and in truth we would welcome it.

We forgot to record that last night LEP wipped a fat 14" bass from the water by the float just after sundown. They planned to take it with them today or eat it this morning, but they forgot. So we had it for luncheon!

We rattle around in camp now that the Puts
have shot themselves back to Dedham. It is hoped
that the Cambridge summer weather will not prove
over trying for them and that they will return to camp full of
new ideas.

Friday
July 7
Wind: calm
hotter still

We swam around the point today, just for a lark; MAL, TL
and Davey. And as we drifted back we saw strangers on the porch.
Strangers? Well, hardly that! There was the Skipper and Julia,
both full of energy and rarin' to go. A sight for the gods.
Skipper seems fit as a fiddle, mentally jumps ahead of your
editor and younger than most men of forty-odd. They came to pass
the time of day, and stayed to luncheon, though they brought with
them their own meal. Quel whatziz!! It was wonderful to see them.

Shortly after they had gone a motorboat rode up to the float
from Pine Beach Camps and asked for permission to swim here. We
said "No" to them, not wishing to be unneighbourly, but feeling
sure that once such permission were given there would be no
stopping the increase and abuse of it. So "No" it is, by gum!

The heat has been so terrific that we have sat panting in
the shade, wearing little and talking less. The hot air off the
water drifted in on us and by 5 pm the only livable spot in
camp was the ice-house.

During the night a soft drift of air from the east brought
all the heat of the lowlands behind us and all the mosquitoes of
the swamp. A night of much activity and little sleep.

We got under way slowly today; the heat and the dank air made effort painful. Hoyt's island lay like a fevered tongue on the copper lip of the pond, and the hills beyond throbbed like grey, unhealthy tonsils. (Pretty good, Mr. Editor.) The only action of the morning was a short paddle up the shore in the shade to cast for bass, of which five undersized examples were returned to the water.

Saturday
July 8
Wind: none
darned hot

Our mind turns on the subject of team-play, and the difference between cooperation and individuality. Think what Britain has made through her colonial policy, an example of long-time team-play: of the Norwegian maritime supremacy through great unity; of the corner achieved by the natives of Tahiti in building outrigger canoes, an example of supreme team-play; of the manner in which New Jersey has become the great center for national prize fights, the result of magnificent political comprehension; these are great accomplishments. And then contrast the team-play spirit with the individualism of the Jew; no cooperation but every man for himself. And these thoughts are born of the horrid vision of four Camp Kennebec canoes that oozed by the point today. Every man for himself - that's Jewish independence!

The weather broke late in the afternoon when hovering thunder-heads combined north of us and swept down the lake in a fury of rain, riding the northwest wind. And so, as we go to bed, there is a lift to the air, it is happiness to breathe again. For the little waves run in the right direction and there are no longer mosquitoes. And tomorrow will be a clear day, cool, with fresh air from the hills.

The most glorious day yet, with a northwest breeze, fairly light and steady. The mountains seem just beyond the float, and their colors are beautiful to see. But by four o'clock the breeze died and at sundown in came the southwest wind, stealthily.

Sunday
July 9
Wind: NW
clear

Just after two o'clock Millard Stevens hobbled in to camp. We had a good chat about old times, recalling this or that name and laughing over many incidents. He tells me that he has eleven children, nineteen grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. And Millard is just sixty-one years old. We learned, too, that the house recently built on the hill overlooking the Cook's is Millard's house.

A picnic, a pucknique, a twelve-o'clock pooknick, was held on the point by various visitors; a motorboat load of bathers, and two cars full of parents and children. They were very quiet and they left no mess behind them, but they did leave the gate open when they left. Hence, during the night, cows.

This seems to be a good year for the evergreens planted by R.R. in past years. All appear to be flourishing more than they did last year. And the willow growth along the shore in front of the north cabins is almost luxuriant. In a few years the evergreen growth along the road to the camp and on the slope of the hill west of the shop and St. Peter's will be grand to see. The big spruces on the ball-field are really wonderful.

With bare feet the dry fog slipped along the
black water and over the tinder of needles along
the shore. Rain was behind it, somewhere, and it
came on us only after a hot afternoon had given us false security.

Monday
July 10,
Wind: SW
Foggy

To Oakland in the morning with the better half of the editor.
(He admits that to be an awkward phrase, but it will have to
stand because he can't find the eraser.) Hot-water tank to stove
out of commission and not reparable, if plumbers are truthful.

Dave and TL went out to fish in the early afternoon, but
were driven in, fishless, by the rumbling of the lazy thunder-
storm that crept slowly upon us. It growled for an hour or more
and then let loose a deluge of rain, from 5 till 6. In one of
the few let-ups our guests, Tony and Walter Nelson, slid in to
camp, having driven here from Manchester, New Hampshire. They
report the lobsters matchless at Ogunquit and the road from
Brunswick to Augusta not up to State standards.

A quiet talk over a leisurely supper, and then out to see
the sun slip away in a glory of red and purple. It promises a
good day tomorrow, for the wind at 9.30 has shifted to the
northwest, and there is a tang in the air from the clear peaks
of Blue and Abraham, Isaac and Israel, instead of the miasmatic
stupor from the swamps of Baal to the south.

There once was an errant mosquito,
A-roving about for his meat-O,
But whack him I couldn't,
Be quiet he wouldn't,
And so it is slap! and repeat-O.

A fairly light and steady breeze, with the hills near enough to be touched with a good cast with a supple rod. What a day!

Tuesday
July 11
Wind: NW
clear

TL, dashing to the woodshed with wheelbarrow for wood, met Walter Nelson returning from an early bird-walk. He reports the swamp full of birds and mosquitoes. Why a bird-walk? If one is out with the family pussy, is it a cat-walk? When one strolls in the moonlight does one become a nightwalker? Ze English, she is a mystery.

Mexico succumbed to 260 strokes; the dead gray birch close to Harley Street was taken down and sawed into fire-place wood; the roof of the main building was cleared of pine-needles, etc; ice for the stove, wood for the refrigerator (other way, please); incinerator activity, tin dumpings; a feeble yard-squad solo by TL - well, that is the way the morning went until the arrival of our happy RR, who, with Bert at the tiller, picked up her buoy at 11 am. Too soon they departed, with a bed and mattress abaft the galley (meaning nothing), and leaving with us the lovely songs of LER. Reports of Indian Point are good - Skipper and lady on the up-and-up and John returned to the nest. We may see them all next week, but John's fisherman friend, a fellow named Greg Wiggins, barged on through the State of Maine without so much as "by your leave". You chust vait, Rudy!

The afternoon was a tranquil one; Tony Nelson cuddled up with a book (why is it that only the ladies cuddle books? Men usually "grab 'em and read 'em!"); Walter and TL went for a try at fly-fishing for bass (on a dying northwester!); MAL put in some thorough sleeping for she had had a restless night; Dave chopped a few more segments from the dead oak on the point; and Linette had an unexpected and pleasant call from her uncle who lives in Waterville.

More and fruitless fly-fishing in the evening, for the wind had died to a temporary calm before the soft west wind came in again at sunset. Dave's canoemanship is improving and he had a short paddle during the evening calm.

About 8.30 there came around the point a large and speedy motor-boat, running in curves and circles close to shore. We suspect that the gentlemen aboard (five of 'em) had had "one over the eight". They made themselves a nuisance for ten minutes and then disappeared beyond the point. We went out there to investigate, thinking they might have landed, but they were safely out in the middle of Gleason's Bay, doing figure eights. Nuts!

TL and Davey went with Walter Nelson for another bird-walk about 5 pm, but saw nothing startling. When we came back to camp, however, Tony reported having seen three pilliated woodpeckers at once, and that from the piazza. Walter followed an spotted one of them. So, birdfully speaking, it was a record day.

The wind boxed the compass and showed its temper before it seemingly settled down to a tearing northeaster. Scuds of rain from gray

Wednesday
July 12
Wind: odd
variable

clouds swept the pond, and a sharp shower sent us to the piazza with reading matter. And then the sky cleared and the wind steadied to a strong northwester that blew undiminished all day, only to **soften** at sundown.

The afternoon was devoted (well, fairly devoted) to the birds. David and Walter Nelson threw arrows with a string. One can get a surprising distance with these things; 220 feet was the greatest paced throw of the day.

Can you believe it when we record that four of the five members in camp elected to play a rubber of bridge after supper? (Why "rubber" and why "bridge" and why "play" we cannot answer.) The editor very graciously sacrificed himself and his pleasure for the happiness of others, and so, instead of entering the four-handed battle (he was unable to discover any "partners") he hunched himself over a Double Crostic in the corner and had a swell time, all alone! As a matter of fact, he finds it hard to take an interest in a game in which he is given thirteen bits of colored cardboard that don't match at all, made to sit in a comfortless chair, and designated as a point of the compass. It somehow takes away all his feeling of team-play to sit in a game where the only permitted conversation is in innuendos and the only talk of interest has nothing to do with the game. But give him a Double Crostic and he is set for the evening!

A continuation of the wonderful weather of yesterday. Camp chores went forward to a satisfactory conclusion; certain dead trees and bushes were cleared away from the shore and good work was done by the yard-squad. MAL and Tony Nelson expedished to the town of Waterville, returning at noon. While they were away TL and Walter Nelson again tried fly-fishing near the lagoon. No luck. We did have a swell time, though, pushing about the quiet water in the lagoon. The only sign of marine life was a turtle. Luncheon was large and languorous.

Thursday
July 13
Wind: NW
fair

The wind died about 3 pm and then came in from the southwest, a regular howling gale with a touch of east in it. The glass began to drop and we believe there will be rain soon. Neighboring fishermen draped themselves over the rocks on the point and took one small white perch. We at camp tried to get something off the float but had no luck, finally being forced by cold winds to retire to the main room. There, as last night, a bridge debauch was held. We believe that Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin and Chamberlain would play this game unusually well.

The winter's rains and ruins are over, and the hammering of weather on the shore of the northernmost part of Merry-weather land has made some changes; there are three fairly new and extensive land-slips, a good number of trees are in the water, and next year's buffets will doubtless cause more damage. Willow plantings might suspend destruction there.

A thunder storm at 5.30, followed by torrents
of warm rain. More thunder, and then a heavy blow
from the southwest that remained strong all morning.

Friday
July 14
Wind: SE
rain

The rain had quit by 9 o'clock, but the wind continued and
a smokey southwester developed. The glass was low (29.40) but
the sky level lifted gradually, and by 2.30 pm there was blue
sky and a hot sun.

There is some compensation for the rain of the morning for
it prevented the Nelson's from leaving us today. Weather per-
mitting, they plan to pull out tomorrow morning, about 9 o'clock.

In the afternoon TL and Walter Nelson scuttled out to the
bar for a bit of fishing, hoping to break their luck. And break
it they did with a catch of ten white perch, one horn pout and
one bass. The first conscious catch of the season for us. Boo!!

We came ashore in time to clean the fish and to avoid the
advancing williwaw. It proved to be a good one. It came up over
the hills beyond the Mills and drifted down on us under a slow
wind (NW). The sheet of rain first hit us at 5.45, and for 20
minutes the downpour was ceaseless; we do not recall a heavier
shower here. Then the sun that later set in an unbelievable sky.

The Short Dormitory is now open to the breezes and will be
put in apple-pie order as the month advances. It might be a good
plan, too, to open and sweep all buildings, whether or not they
are to be used. We'll see how strong we are when the time comes.

The wind this morning had lost its pep
and became variable towards noon. At 9 of the
clock the Nelson's said a reluctant farewell
and drove away on their journey to Groton. They are rooters
for the place here, for they enjoyed themselves hugely.

Saturday
July 15
Wind: NW
clear

TL and Davey drove to Oakland for errands, bringing
back to camp the new hot-water tank for the stove. It is a
good job, copper outside and zinc-lined; it is a pleasure
to dip water from it.

In the afternoon MAL and TL tried unsuccessfully to
construct a Double Crostic, by using anagram letters. We are
undaunted, however, and hope to crack through with a decent
one before long.

Early this morning Mexico succumbed after 260 strokes!
Ice from the ice-house and wood from the shed were fetched
and a yard-squad did a rather desultory job. The lamps are
simple to do these days, for they are rarely used. The tank
in the kitchen shed leaks and so we do not use it. Both pumps
are in perfect working condition, which is a blessing.

In the early afternoon Linette Bixby was fetched by her
aunt from Waterville. They will spend a day or two together
and then Linette will return here.

Ice-house supply will last out the season but ought to
be filled with fresh ice for next season. We are on the next
to the bottom layer now, and the cakes are over thin.

Overcast sky, gray, sullen clouds and a
chilly pond. This is cold weather for July.

Sunday
July 16
Wind: NW
cold

We devoted the morning to odd jobs of no
great moment. There is lots of white pine kindling lying on
the ground near the buildings - excellent for the kitchen stove.

It seems to us that there are fewer outboard motorboats on
the pond this year, and more of those fast red things (I hear
them called CrisCraft, or something like it). We do not regret
the passing of the neurotic outboard, nor do we applaud the
increase in the number of speed demons on the water; the former
is an offense to the ear, and the latter is merely a supreme
example of lost motion.

For ten days, now, the flag has been atop the flagpole. It
got jammed there and no effort of ours could free it. (The only
effort of ours resulted in tearing the lower ring from the flag
and dropping half the halyard to the ground.) So we long ago had
a talk with Chas. Anderson, who said he would supply a climber.
Jack Flagpole was likely to become a myth, he was so consistently
absent. But today he appeared in the flesh (his name is Charles
Mason) and with the aid of a ladder he had the flag freed in no
time at all. Query: How is it possible for one man to "SWARM" up
a flagpole. or up anything, for that matter? Yet that is what does
happen. A man just naturally swarms; he swarms up a pole, and
when he sits by the fire he's warm.

S K I P P E R ' S B I R T H D A Y

Monday
July 17
Wind: NW
clear

And if you know a better beginning to a day
you had best keep quiet about it!

Skipper's passed his ninety-first,
Doo-dah, doo-dah,
We're so glad we're fit to burst,
Doo-dah, doo-dah day!

Wind? Did we mention wind? It veered from northwest to north to west to northwest to - oh, well; with each shift came a scud of rain, thin, fine, cold rain, driven by a whale of a breeze. It happened at 9 am and it happened at 9 pm, and many times in between.

Two cabins were opened, swept and garnished in Sunshine Alley. Possibly guests may need them; in any case they ought to be so treated each year. MAL has pasted fresh oil-cloth over funny spots (you know how women are) and now things are spruce.

A voyage to Oakland in the early pm for a coco-cola and other things, and then the milk and then home. By the way, this year is the first we can remember that Alexander has bottled the milk. In other years, when the milk was brought in cans it very quickly went sour, but with the bottled technique all the milk has remained sweet.

At 9 pm (during the height of the final shower the cows paid us a visit - all of 'em. We chased them to the point, and with the help of two fishermen there we eventually put them back through the gate to pasture. Let's not mention them again!

We wrote too hastily last night; an invasion of the full fighting force of Cook's cows took place shortly after breakfast. It was a surprise attack, carefully carried out. Scouts edged along the fence by the shop while the main body drove north from the point, capturing Sunshine Alley and the boathouse. The main objective seemed to be the incinerator, which was surrounded and taken. But our counterattack completely demoralized the invaders; not only did they lose all the ground gained but we forced them back through the gate by the woodshed and on to their third-line trenches. Then we found and blocked the road by which they had come. The pond has dropped enough to permit a sweeping attack around the south end of the fence where it meets the water, and this we consolidated by extending the wire of the fence some fifteen feet into the water. Victory!

Tuesday
July 18
Wind: NW
cool: clear

Morning chores and a morning swim
Filled us all with pep and vim,
So we sang the seventh hymn,
Chaunting like the seraphim.

In the afternoon MAL and Davey motored to Oakland to meet Mrs. Louise Norman and her son, Billy, who come to us for a few days from their cottage on Baker's Island, off Salem. They came and were charmed by the seclusion and the quiet here. So are we.

While the family was away TL tried to bust the tradition that there is poor fishing on a brisk NW wind. He tried eight places off the bar, one off the lōp-weed and one near the mouth of the lagoon. The tradition still holds. No fish.

Disgruntled and out of sorts through his lack
of fish yesterday, TL decided to try for trout in
Mary Worcester Brook and set out after breakfast,

Wednesday
July 19
Wind: NW
clear

taking with him a light lunch. He brought back eight brook-trout;
one eight-incher, three nines, a ten, an eleven, a twelve, and a
fourteen-and-a-half incher. The last weighed a pound and eleven
ounces. All were taken on garden hackle, and all came from the
swampy part, where the brook meanders so aimlessly. The big lad
came from a hole where the brook is about a foot wide and bellies
out under the banks in a hole all of three feet deep. He will
take you there, some day, but he can't for the life of him tell
you where to find that hole. He came back about 3.30 pm, a little
bit above himself.

Davey and Billy has decided to construct a strong ladder so
that one may climb by it from the water to the float, which rides
so high. They were busy at it for an hour or so in the afternoon
and reported that they had done a good bit of thinking on the
problem.

MAL and Linette have made it their "project of the week" to
make white all the kitchen towels and rags. Apparantly Mrs. Cook
still "sees through a glass, darkly", if one judges by the hue of
the towels left in the nunnery. To date, said towels are about the
color of good table celery and getting paler daily.

The wind died about 5 pm and then came in from the SW for a
while. When we turned in at 9 pm the darned breeze was again in
the NW and freshening every minute. Is there no peace for fishers?

For a day that boasts a north wind with a
clear sky the weather prophets have been met
with an inexplicable inexplicability. On three
occasions during the afternoon the lake has been swept by dull-
rumbling thunder-storms. Not the kind that send one hastily to
shut windows and doors and make everything fast, but the lazy,
indolent type. Coming from heaven knows where in the north, they
have severally slid southwest across the north end of the pond,
black and scowling thunder-clouds over black water and the very
whitest of white-caps. And only in the second of the three storms
did camp get any rain at all; and that was a deluge of nineteen
and a half drops that lit on the end of the spring-board.

Thursday
July 20
Wind: N
clearish

We tried for white perch off Pickerel Rock and coralled one
large one that we returned to the water. He seemed so lonely.

In our buzzings about the coutryside in search of vegetables,
milk, eggs, etc., we have been puzzled at times by the apparent
industry of house after house. Surely the youth of the land has
at last understood its duty to its parents and is trying to lend
a hand. Dozens of farmers have "NIGHTWALKERS FOR SALE" posted at
the gate. Wonderful thing, a nightwalker; wonderful farmers, and
wonderful sons. We admire the sturdy independence of the race. Or
at least we did until we came across a large, a very large truck
the other day, groaning under its heavy load from Oakland to
Belgrade. On its sides, in gold and red, bravely ran the legend,
"NIGHTWALKERS -- WHOLESALE!" Youth, we feel, is still lazy!

WHAT ARE YOU READING?

When I'm flat with dread neuralgia
And admit a sweet nostalgia
Then I read Horatio Alger
 To relieve the subtle pain.
Let us meet youth's predeliction;
There was little else in fiction
That so pampered my conviction
 Or so nourished precious bane.

'Till I was one-and-twenty
Of gay volumes I'd a plenty,
And among them G.A.Henty
 Figured largely on my shelves.
I devoured all his history,
His books were on my list to re-
Enliven all the mystery
 Of pasts that are ourselves.

So with novels I was bitten,
Such as those of Bulwer Lytton;
(Read "Rienzi" at a sittin',
 And "Zanoni", too, I trow;)
Till my sister, heaven pity her,
Whose tastes were rather prettier,
Once turned me on to Whittier.
 I like him, even now!

When I sought adventure, super,
Of the indian or trooper
Then I read in Mr. Cooper
 Till my hair became erect;
For antidote (like any son)
I'd read in Alfred Tennyson
And like his moral benison.
 He's one of the elect.

There were books by Uncle Rollo,
With the Ainsworth ones to follow,
And Harte and Scott to wallow
 In, and L.M. Alcott, too;
The mind so wants to go back,
In a literary throw-back.
Of modern books there's no lack,
 But the best are rarely new.

Today the barometer has been the highest recorded this summer at camp; 30.10. Not the slightest ripple was apparent on the water until just before the sun went down, when a southwest wind decidedly fresh turned the gray to blue. On such calm days we swim off the point, partly because the water is shallower and the sand more pleasant for the ladies, and partly because under such conditions we can more easily clear the bottom of tin cans and bottles. It is annoying to put everything shipshape through the week and yet have to repeat the job on Monday because careless farmers or natives have thrown stuff into the water.

Friday
July 21
Wind: none
clear

Mexico succumbed to 250 strokes.

The ladder that Billy Norman and Davey have been constructing has been completed, structurally, the joints white-leaded and the whole thing painted gray. When it is thoroughly dry it is to be put in place.

During the morning the ten-paddle canoe from Runoia (that is not even phonetic, we think) staggered across the pond misguided by a corpulent lady who must come from the Middle West, for she said that "the watrrr was like a murrrrrrrr". After swapping yarns the ten-cylinder dugout wallowed past the point, all ten paddlers dipping occasionally as the spirit moved them. Then they headed home and two hours later were still visible, tacking towards port.

The larger stones have been cleared from before Diana and it is again possible for us to dive into the pond before breakfast.

Possible the purest hot weather of the season. Saturday
No wind, no humidity, no clouds; a set-up for an July 22
all-dayer. So thought the boys at camp, and so it Wind: none
was. Both half-past-niners went off to explore Oak Island. They clear
left in a green boat at 10 o'clock and were back at 5.00 pm. It
was highly successful; they swam in every bay of the island; the
Mouse-trap was invaded by swimmers and its only climbable tree
conquered; they fished without result; and best of all, they
cleaned the camp-site at the north end of the island, picking
up all cans, paper, and broken bottles. A good project, we say.

In the morning TL and Mrs. Norman went for a paddle along
the shore while MAL did some shopping in Oakland.

During the afternoon the ladies slept and so TL went off to
fish a brook. He missed the road that should lead to the stream
that joins Sandy River about 5 miles northeast of New Sharon, so
he took a short shot at Mary Worcester again, - about an hour.
A few small trout, and one good-sized keeper that was returned
to the water because one swallow does not make a summer. Then
back to camp to swim in a wonderful southwest sea. Then, for no
apparent reason, everybody but the editor went off to Waterville
for the week-end shopping.

That New Sharon water looks good on the map, for it runs
through country sparsely settled, is cut by few roads, and gets
to Sandy River in an isolated spot. We'll try it some day soon.

This has been a desultory sort of day; the wind had no life until mid-afternoon when it rose to a respectable breeze from the south-west. (Why is it that we editors depend so much on the wind for copy? We find, in reading over what has been written this month, that the wind takes first place as a news item. Should it be so?

Sunday
July 23
Wind: SW
soft day

During the morning a squad cleaned and garnished the Point. We raked dead leaves, twigs and impedimenta away, collected all the visible rusty cans and disposed of them, and generally put the place in apple-pie order. It is hoped that visitors, seeing the immaculate condition of the place, will respect it. It was so in the case of two parties; we called on them both, and one of the men remarked that there had been such a cleaning up of things that he felt he had been given the "cold shoulder", or words to that effect. Although mutton was not mentioned, he evidently had sensibility enough to understand that cleanliness is next to Camp Merryweather. They all departed, fishless, praise be!

We tapped another level in the ice-house today, extracting half a good-sized cake. The rest should be easy.

Davey and Billy Norman put the shop to rights during the afternoon; all tools are in the proper place, the shop is swept clean, and the refuse-box is emptied. While they were at it, TL tried six places on the bar for perch, and came back fishless and biteless.

This is a summer of supreme sunsets that last for hours and hours.

This was our day for a trip to Indian Point. We left camp about 7.45 am, to take Mrs. Norman and her son, Billy, to the Waterville station to catch the 8.35 down train. Then on towards Georgetown. The road work at several points between Waterville and Augusta makes going a bit on the dusty side. We arrived the Point about 11 am and found things in shipshape order. Mrs. Richards looks lovely, and seems really to have made a miraculous recovery; Skipper had a painful boil on his neck, yet he chatted and smiled as usual. Rosalind is the ideal nurse for them, so thoughtful and so very careful. John, his usual self, was yard-squadding when we arrived and his effort to drop poundage is bearing excellent results. A delicious shore dinner, with Mr. Tom Collins and his twin as unexpected company. It is grand to see Skipper in his "gay 90's" and hale and hearty. Nothing of the "mauve decade" about him.

On our way back to camp we detoured to the fishing village of Five Islands to buy a peck of clams; tomorrow's dinner.

Back to camp at 6.30, and an immediate swim in the pond. The water was glassy, the air was lifeless, the mosquitoes numerous, but what cared we. There could have been no breeze here today; the water was almost tepid for about 5 feet, and then it was really very cold indeed. Nothing could have stirred it during the day.

We suspect a mosquitoey night is ahead of us, and so as we finish the page the sound of Flit guns is heard in the land.

Monday
July 24
Wind: none
clear

Mirages! Glass for a pond, and instead of
the sough of the wind came the dentist-drill of
outboards and the buzz of the locust. The dread
dog-days (jours de chien, to you) are here. Morning squads of
the usual sort accomplished themselves, including the defeat of
Mexico in 125 whacks.

Tuesday
July 25
Wind: none
clear: hot

In the afternoon TL and Davey took a crack at new water. We
drove to Rome and took Route 27 towards New Sharon. At Rome we
picked up a hitch-hiker, a burly Maine youth of perhaps 25 years.
He looked like a lumberman and roared like a bull of Bashan, so
we were taken aback when he announced himself as an expert in
beauty culture! What is Maine coming to, anyway? Well, we found
the brookbed where it cuts the road from New Sharon to Mercer, but
no water was there. So we went on through Mercer to Mary Worcester
Brook and fished the tiny part in the top meadow. But farmers had
been haying there and the water, low enough, was open to the hot
sun. We took countless dace, and two thin, undersized trout. In a
wet July the first water, called Fillebrown Stream, holds plenty
of good trout, according to Elmer Bickford of the Hatchery. Bear
that in mind another season, you who are trout-minded.

Back, then, to camp and the pond. Still flat and glassy. By
six o'clock the southwest wind came whooping in and made another
sort of day at once. What a blessing! And then it died again at
sundown and the mosquitoes arrived. What a curse!

A humid sort of day that began sticky and warm and wound up warm and sticky. We have spent a lot of time in the water and some more on the water. An enjoyable job for such a day is one that keeps one in the water or in the shade, at least. Various spots in the buildings were put to rights during the morning; cupboards, for example. And in cleaning out some of those in the big room we uncovered and did away with hundreds of useless papers (squad lists, scouting lists, pages from plays, etc), thus making a place to put other lists that in time will become useless. Life is like that!

Wednesday
July 26
Wind: none
sticky

In fussing about in Copley we disturbed a pile of damp mattresses in which is a hive of busy bees! We know they are busy; we just made the door ahead of them and slammed it in their faces. There's nothing that starts us running fast like a good bee. Later, when we have calmed down a bit, we will try to discover a means of doping the silly things. Imagine selecting a pile of Copley mattresses as a permanent home!

During the day MAL got in her regular spot of Spanish. Her hope is that she may be able to complete the study of the tongue in six months, and knowing her as we do, there is no doubt in our mind that she will accomplish just that. What a gift it is!

During the sunset we had a short sing-song in which all of the imperishable words to good tunes were run over. It was good fun and everyone enjoyed it.

Things were damp and warm when we awoke; it had rained a little during the early hours and the ground was wet. Noiseless and dustless walking over the pine-needles, and the water along the shore was quiet, too.

Thursday
July 27
Wind: SE
fog

We tried in many places and in many ways to catch some sort of fish for the larder, and we were beaten. Nothing keepable. In the early afternoon the wind veered to a very strong smokey south-wester, and with an high heart we pulled out to the bar. No fish. So we blew back to the point, anchoring in several places. No fish. We tried it off the float. No fish. The water was rough enough to keep the pond clear of fishermen; we were the only craft in sight all afternoon. No native fishers on the point, which was strange.

A careful check on the tools in the shop shows that camp does not possess a screw-driver of any sort. Is there a light-fingered Larry in the neighbourhood or does the screw-driver naturally lose itself more easily than other tools?

The drought is becoming serious in these parts. Mrs. Mills tells us that the water-holes for her cattle are dried up, that the well-water at the farm is getting too low, and that if there is no rain soon the only solution will be to draw water from the lake, nearly a mile away. We are become very careful of matches here in camp, and with care continued there should be no danger of fire. By which token, let us rise to remark that the extinguishers of the camp have not been filled since 1937. Not so good.

During the night there were several sharp and driving showers, and we hope that Mrs. Mills' cattle have profitted by them. The wind tore through the

Friday
July 28
Wind: SE
damp

trees on the point and snorted along the shore, making things wet with the scuds of small rain. A morning for puttering. We mended various small breaks in the board-walk to Sunshine Alley and repaired a few other things. Rain, such as it was, soon ceased and the wind that had been strong southeast shifted to a much stronger south. Swimming off the float was great fun in the high, smooth-running seas.

After luncheon TL decided to go fishing and to try the water close to the pads off the lagoon. The row around to that ground was fun, for the seas on the shallows between the point and the lagoon were steep and short; for a time we felt that we were in truth a "bluff, lee-boarded fishing lugger", though it was not long before we had to admit that said fishing lugger was lugging no fish. Darn the things, where are they? We note, too, that during the last week there have been practically no guide-boats at work off the bar or in the Bay. most of them now ply their trade off Shute or Otter or along the shallows in the middle of North Bay. If it were not such a terrific pull up there and back we would be tempted to try it once.

The Double Crostic disease has attacked my poor wife, and tonight I went disconsolate to bed, leaving her frantic in a pile of dictionaries and mythology books. Sour grapes?

The morning was devoted to letter-writing and to study; David has work to be done in French and in his handwriting. The swim at 11 was a short one because a brisk breeze made the out-of-the-water-ness somewhat cooling.

Saturday
July 29
Wind: SW
clearing

In the afternoon MAL, David and Lynette went into Waterville to the movies. Now I ask you! Here is a grand place to spend an afternoon, right here in camp, and yet they went to the movies in Waterville. Why? Well, they said it was to see a film called "Mr. Chips", we suppose a version of the book by Hilton. They all report a wonderful time - i.e., that they all left the theatre in tears! We, let it be said, are not movie-conscious, so anything that we say about them must be taken as inaccurate and vicious and the product of a warped mind. Very well that. Now let it be understood that we have never been able to separate ourself from the position of the man that takes the picture; in short, we do not get an illusion of anything. No wonder we dislike the movies!

While this debauch was going on TL went a-fishing out on the darned bar, and as usual, caught nothing at all. He came in about 4 pm and helped Ernest Cook take the first load of lumber from the site of the cabin near the Wigwam to his moored boat nearby. Later in the evening, about 8.30, Cook came once more, this time in his truck, and backing down to the space in front of Odd-Fellows Hall, he took aboard the remainder of the material. Now both ends of the camp look spruce and clean.

The weather looked good for fishing a brook and so TL and Davis went off about nine o'clock to try Martin Stream once more. The water is so low that the chances of taking trout in the usual meadow were small. One undersized troutie was all we could find. So we went on to Mary Worcester Brook (Bog Stream to the natives) and fished the tortuous swampy stretch. There we took five fat nine-inch trout, four of them from the same hole that once had held the big one caught there a few days ago. Of the five fish Davey caught the two largest ones, having stalked them with care. It was hot in that swamp, for the sun cut through the clouds for most of the time that we were there. Then back to camp, stopping at Alexander's for the milk. A swim before lunch was mandatory, for we were dirty, particularly Davey who had slipped into the muck at Martin Stream.

Sunday
July 30
Wind: SE
cloudy

Sunday afternoon traffic on the pond was up to the usual standard. Outboards and inboards buzzed about, and now and then Cook's ocean-going craft staggered by, loaded with trippers. Once he appeared with someone behind him on his aquaplane. The point, possible because of the weather, was innocent of visitors.

MAL has mended the flag with scraps from the older one. It has floated from the masthead since noon, a welcome sight after these two weeks of bare pole.

Double Crostics occupy the adults too late in the evening. But, by golly, they are great fun for our feeble brain.

The barometer sneaked down on us early today and by noon registered a new low (about 29.40). The day began with a drizzle, climaxed with a sotrm, and at 9 pm decided to be decent and fairly dry. During the morning the yard squad pumped Mexico, and dried her in 170 buzzle-wuzzles. By the same token, the incinerator,- that long-hungry apparatus that yawns behind the Casino,- was fed to repletion. So much of the supply of paper was shoved into the maw that the kitchen was in a pet (only theoretically, you know) . Anyway, KLEAN KAMP KOMES KAPERING was the watchword of the morning (or a part of it) and so into the maw went the papers. "All, all are gone, the old, familiar papers" (and be it known that those papers included the complete collection of the infernal "comics" that so bes^traddle youth.

MAL, as the only living graduate of the Merryweather Art School, produced three new sketches of locales, all of which were accepted. (For complete news, see our rotogravure (silly word) section next leap-year.)

The afternoon was devoted to dodging storms. We lost. When we have time, we will publish a book on WEATHER. Then we will publish another one, refuting all the main points of the first book. Both books ought to be "best sellers" (whatever that means).

This Crostic craze bids fair to break up what we thought was a happy family. There is a family of loons in the lagoon (one mere and durze onfonts), and every time an adult in camp unearths a new word in a CROSTIC she (seldom he) yells! And that upsets the loons!

Monday
July 31
Wind: SE
bleary

During the night the wind snorted from a light west to a strong northwester, and when we got up this morning the air was lighter and there was a freshness to everything. There was haze on the hills that the wind brushed away before long.

Tuesday
August 1
Wind: NW
clearing

IL went a-fishing, once more in Mary Worcester Brook and brought back a half-dozen nine-inchers. Because of the rain the swampy part of the stream was fuller and the meadow wetter. One always loses the "big fellow"; we left two very large trout in the water. Both of them we had brought onto the bank and both of them flopped off and back without so much as a thank-you. The water below Mary Worcester's north boundary is terrible fishing; mucky swamp edges the stream and it is difficult to reach the water itself. From Mercer village up stream it ought to be good fishing in right weather, but one should have a canoe to do it. We recall that JGW and Smitzoo once tried it that way, without result.

The family of young Gould (cookee here for years) visited the point and called today at the camp. It was a sorrowful sort of visit for them, for the lad was killed a few months ago in a motor accident.

At the height of the morning blow four Camp Belgrade boats came round the point, exhibiting a lack of watermanship that was deplorable and dangerous. It seems to us foolhardy to permit such untrained boys to go unsupervised in weather like that of today.

Clear weather; one might pat the hills on the back. Shade and shine go to make a constantly changing pattern. Towards noon the wind died, and by 2 pm the pond was flat again.

Wednesday
August 2
Wind: NW
clear

JR, according to plan, arrived for luncheon. His report about the Skipper is reassuring, for the latter, who has had a severe boil on his neck, had been in dire distress because it developed into a large, angry carbuncle. It was so serious that the family thought it best to move into the Yellow House from Indian Point in order to be near doctors. For a week the Skipper has had two nurses and his chances of recovery have been about fifty-fifty. Happily he has apparently turned the corner and is nearly "out of the woods". How glad we are!

We had a good time, going over old times, reconstructing the camp as of the earliest days, examining this and that and looking forward here and there. It was a good visit.

The afternoon swim we took on the sandy stretch around the point, where we had a good time, MAL, Davey and editor. We skipped stones and we found fossils.

After supper we had our first real Boat Night of the season. Davey and Lynette went out in the Hecuba and TL and MAL in the Squannacook. The latter leaks aggressively. For a good half hour we had a pond of glass; then the southwest wind barged in and we came ashore. As we go to bed the wind is still up and the barometer is dropping a bit. Is it to be rain?

Such a still night last night. At ten o'clock we heard a faint, even rumbling and realized that we were listening to a night freight on its way to portland; we could and did count the bumps as the trucks ran over the switches at Belgrade (not North Belgrade) station.

Thursday
August 3
Wind: WS
hazy

After early errands by several of us, MAL motored off to Groton. She spends tonight and tomorrow night there, and then on Saturday she brings Greg back with her for a few days. That is going to be fun, having him here with us again.

The southwest wind was the strongest this season. Rollers, long sweeping ones, surged in along the shore, making the float groan and bending it seventeen ways at once. On the point the spray made it impossible to stand near the bare rocks; in fact, TL, who was out there to fish off those rocks, was blown off by a sudden gust of stronger wind and had to jump, barefoot, into adjacent blueberry bushes. We tried a long whack at fishing off the float and were unsuccessful. The gray mail-boat went by us very warily and very slowly indeed, proceeding with great care. Two speed-boats went by straight into the wind; we followed them and watched them turn with nautical precision, but they came down wind again at a much slower pace, and in each boat was a person bailing out water. The wind died to a mere canoe-test later in the evening and there was a simple murmur of waves along the shore as we went to bed. But - what a wind!

The weather looked suspiciously wettish when we rolled heavily out of bed and slid into the pond, and it did not improve much through the day.

Friday
August 4
Wind: ESE
cloudy

In fact, except for a sly peep at 6 pm the sun did not look down upon us all day.

While Davey slept (that early-morning doze between 7 and 9 has become a part of his night) we rassled ice and wood. Later, when Dave had breakfasted, he and the editor went out to do a bit of whiteperch fishing. We tried off Fourway and off the point and, as usual, caught nothing.

It was so calm during lunch that we planned to paddle to get the mail, but a rumble from the west warned us to play safe. During the afternoon we had two severe thunder showers of very marked intensity. Both came up from the west; the first pushed its center northwest of us, over the mountains, but we had a great plenty of rain and lightning, nevertheless. The second passed to the southeast of us, and although there was less of the eye-searing lightning and ear-numbing thunder there was even more rain. Welcome to farmer and fisherman, this; in particular the latter, for Arthur Jorgensen and his wife we expect on Saturday, and on Sunday TL and Jorgensen hope to push north to the water called Spruce Pond (on top of a funny mountain near North New Portland) for some trout-fishing.

The evening heard us sing variously and vicariously.

The day of the return of the lady. Davey and Saturday
TL were up betimes to furbush (bish?) the camp August 5
and make things sjipshape. The rest of the pile Wind: NW
clear
of leaves by the boathouse was carted away and the various
small chores were accomplished.

At noon arrived our guests, Amy and Arthur Jorgensen,
from North Wyndham, Maine. It is good to have them here, and
we are sure they are going to enjoy the camp.

A delightful luncheon, then, prepared by our invaluable
Lynette, and a dozy conversation afterwards.

At 4 pm came MAL and Gregory. The latter has been at the
Music Camp in Harvard, Mass, for a six weeks' study of ensemble
playing in an orchestra. He has been working at the viola and
enjoys it immensely. He looks well and will be with us until
we all return to Groton on the 12th of the month.

As TL and Arthur Jorgensen plan a fishing trip tomorrow
the afternoon discussions and preparations were all directed
towards that goal. We fear that at times the subject became
a bit of a bore to those who are not to go, but we do not very
much regret the discussions about equipment. (One would think
that we planned to be away for a month instead of a day. But
then, the average fisherman such as we is far more likely to
over-talk himself that to remain too silent. At any rate, we
got ourselves ready, and all retired at an early hour.

The events at camp we record from hearsay; we were away from camp all day. What happened during the morning there is no way of finding out. In the afternoon MAL and Amy Jorgensen went to hear an open-air concert at the music camp on Messalonskee. They enjoyed it. In the evening while Dave and Greg were playing, Greg was cut in the leg with a sharp knife. This meant a trip to Waterville, where Dr. Hardy at the hospital sewed up the wounds, taking seven stitches. Not a serious affair.

Sunday
August 6
Wind: SW
clear

TL and Arthur Jorgensen set out on their trip at 7.15 am. We planned to fish Spruce Pond, north of North New Portland, and stopped at that village to ask of Clayton Upton what the report was of fishing there. Clayte was still in bed, but he was glad to see us when we routed him out. He said that the fishing in Spruce Pond was only average because of dry times, and we suggested that he come with us and show us some good fishing. He hussed he could show us new country and would not guarantee any fish. We put ourselves in his hands and waited till he ate his breakfast. Then we got into his car and rode to his camp on Hancock Pond (2 miles away). There we picked up his staunch new canoe and his out-board, returned to the house for transfer of material to his car, and then we set out for Grand Falls on the Dead River.

The post-office of Dead River lies 20 miles north of North New Portland on Route 16 (to Quebec). At the post-office we turned right on a CCC road (built 6 years ago) that

took us to Long Falls. There the road ends. Into the Dead River we launched the canoe, shipped the out-board, put in the duffle and were soon busily chugging down stream. It was hot and still and I still dislike out-boards. However, it took us efficiently down-stream for seven miles, through water that is 6 feet lower than in high-water times. We hauled the canoe onto a beach that edged a back-water above the flood-dam, carried our duffle down stream along a good trail to a point where we could lunch where a cold brook made in to the main stream. Then we bailed a large bateau and poled up the swift water to a point just under the falls. We were wet to the skin in no time from flying spray, and we found no fish. (Water too low, says Mr. Durgin, the Gate-Keeper.) We tried the mouth of Spencer Stream, just below, and found nothing. So we went back to the Gate Keeper's house, sat and talked with him and his wife for a half hour, and then set out for an unnamed pond about a mile away from the Dead River. There we took a dozen good trout on flies, and probably missed as many more. Then back to the canoe and up the Dead River in the cool of the evening. We scattered countless young ducks in our progress. The canoe was atop the car and we were started back for Clayte Upton's house at 8.45 pm. Mrs. Upton gave us a steak supper at 10.30, and we set out for camp at 11, arriving at midnight. It was a grand trip into new country, and we want very much to go again sometime.

Up betimes (albeit late,) for all hands wanted sleep. During the morning we pushed through all the usual camp chores: wood, ice, yard, and Mexico. The last names was conquered in 275 strokes by the three-handed method. That is, with three pumpers relieving each other and each one taking twenty strokes at a crack, we kept a constant push on the pump and avoided any back-up of water. It is much the easiest way to do it.

Monday
August 7
Wind: SW
hazy

Wind died about 11 am and we had a long, calm swim. Greg and Dave swam again to the point.

The Jorgensens left camp about 4.30 pm to drive back to North Wyndham. They enjoyed themselves here (as anyone would) and were really sorry to leave. After they had gone, TL lit out for Mary Worcester Brook in a vain try at trout. He took many small fish, too small to keep, and lost two that he has asserted were "enormous fish". He is going back to try them again, some day soon.

The evening was calm, with a soft east wind sneaking in over the ball-field and bringing all the late mosquitoes that have been massing in the swamp. We had intended to go to bed "with the chickens" but somehow each of us found a book, and we retired later than we should have done.

Visitors on the point turned out to be a Mr. Eustis and his family. He had a sketch of Bassett's point holdings and we discussed the property, pro and con. Is he interested? If so, JR should inquire into it.

Morning chores kept us going until about the hour for starting for the Music Camp. We defeated Mexico in 275 whacks, got wood and ice, and had a mammoth lamp-squad to start the day right.

Thursday
August 10
Wind: NW
clear

The rehearsal of the Band at the music Camp was a real revelation to us. A group of students (twelve to eighteen years of age) and their instructors rehearsed for a hour the music to be played next Sunday at their free public concert. About forty in the Band, well balanced between Woodwinds, Brass and Percussion. Attention excellent, intonation rather poor in the inexperienced woodwinds, particularly the clarinets. Brass choir a good unit and attacks well. Tonal quality good, in particular in the soft passages. The conductor, a Mr. Wiggin, is patient and painstaking, though he lacks a sense of humour and his voice quality is flat and uninteresting.

In the afternoon came Mrs. Shaw, Mrs. Ticknor and Bill, Arthur and Judy Ticknor. They had a good journey up from Canton, and are overwhelmingly glad to get here in the peace of the big north woods. The children are in the Short Dormitory with their mother. Mrs. Shaw is in Mrs. Powell's cabin. Outside the latter cabin we discovered a nest of yellow jackets (Greg and Arthur got stung) and in the evening Ernest Cook and TL soaked the nest with water, getting a few of them but not by any means all.

Greg and TL to Mary Worcester Brook in the pm, to bring back two or three trout. That makes the trout total from that brook at twenty-six. We had hoped for thirty. Too bad.

The morning we spent in doing the chores of the camp. After luncheon Greg and TL went in to Waterville for some errands. While there we saw the doctor who took out of Greg's leg the remainingⁱⁿ four stitches. There, too, we lost the keys to the car, and had to spend a long time getting new ones made. It was unfortunate that the Ford garage was at one end of the town and our useless car at the other, and that there was no shade in Waterville and that the thermometer registered a warm 90 in the shade. Still, we made the grade.

Friday
August 11
Wind: none
clear

In the evening the same two guys went out for a try at perch off the point. And there, in the southwest wind and approaching dark we broke the bad luck of the camp. We anchored about 15 feet from the end rocks of the point and took twenty-five white perch, throwing back twice as many more. In short, at this time of year wait until nearly dark before fishing off the point, and then put your bait into the water about ten feet off the rocks. You will get plenty of white perch. We came ashore when the bait had run out; even white perch are not very eager to bite at a bare hook. There was a native fishing off the rocks who hooked a four-foot eel; we watched the battle with interest. Fortunately or no, the eel won out and whizzed into the rocks and out of sight.

We telephoned to Mrs. Upton at North New Portland and have arranged to take luncheon with her tomorrow. Clayton cannot be with us as he is in charge of some road-building in the town. We'll get off about ten tomorrow.

We made our ten o'clock getaway for North New
Portland, and were at the Uptons at 11 am. It is a
forty mile run, through Norridgewock, Madison and
North Anson, and from there following the Carrabassett River
upstream. After luncheon we went out to Hancock Pond, reputed
to hold the largest small-mouth bass in Maine. It still holds
them; we fished for an hour and a half and caught nothing at all.
The boys had a swim while TL listened to a baseball game between
the Red Sox and Washington. Greg succeeded in losing his fishing
and his driving license there. What with the keys of yesterday it
makes rather a record for that pocket with a hole in it. Clayton
came home about 5 pm and we chatted for a time. He tells us that
the trout fishing in Spruce Pond will be good after the early
frosts begin - that is, after September 6th or 7th. He advises
us to try a whack at it at that time if we can manage to do it.
Norman Nichols is still in charge of the boats at the pond and
will welcome strangers. Norman is now ninety-two years old and
still chipper. Clayton advises, too, fishing Bog Brook at that
time. It is fly-fishing only and fairly easy to get at, although
it is hard work wading in the swamp. There had best be two men
always together there. He knows the district well, for he traps
it in the wintertime; he says that a string of 200 traps catches
him enough pelts to make an annual total of about \$1500 profit.

Saturday
August 12
Wind: SW
hottish

We returned to camp for a 6.30 supper and early bed.

This was a lazy sort of day; few chores to do and plenty of time to do them in. MAL did a lot of sketching in pastels. She is gaining in line and in colour and the composition is lots better. We have tried to get her to contribute a few to the log, but you know how these artists are - temperamental, thats what. We never get that way.

Sunday
August 13
Wind: SW
hazy

Mrs. Shaw went in to see them all in Gardiner and came back with the report that Skipper is really and definitely on the "up" - truly convalescent. That is great news!

Greg and Lynette went over to hear the concert at the music Camp this afternoon and came back full of enthusiasm over it all. The orchestra played the first half of the program and included three of the four movements of Tschaikevski's Fourth Symphony; the Band played what we heard rehearsed the other day. Good stuff.

At 4.00 pm Billy Ticknor and TL went afishing in the strong southwest blow. We rowed out to the favorite spot off the bar and took nothing, so we came in to the point and did the same thing. But we agreed that it was great fun and that we wouldn't have missed it for worlds.

The sky soon clouded over, the barometer fell and thunder rolled. A slow, soaking rain wetted down everything and we went to bed with the music of rain on the roof - surely the most soothing of sounds.

The yellow-jackets near Mrs. Shaw's cabin got soaked, too, and hope that they may never recover from it.

This has been a day of clean-up in general. A Monday
squad of one took four window-shutters from the August 14
infirmary and swept the place thoroughly? It should Wind: NW
have been done before this. That leaves only the Foyer of the fair
University of Belgrade to be cleaned. However, the janitor is
on sabbatical leave and his return is in the distant future.
Ice and wood were fetched, the boats dumped, the incinerator
put in action, the shop cleaned up, all tools returned to the
proper place in the shop, the boathouse swept, and the cabins
that TL and family have occupied cleaned. (What English!)

MAL made a trip to Oakland and Waterville, Mrs. Shaw went
for the milk and the mail.

In the afternoon a squad relieved the kitchen shelves of
all unneeded pots and pans (there were several wheelbarrow-loads
of them) and transported them to the store-room. There they are
for any who want to use them, all in good condition and waiting
for a full camp. It gave us a bit of a twinge to do that job.

Mrs. Ticknor has collected a cold and it seems to be no fun
at all for her. Let us hope it leaves soon.

We hate the thought of leaving camp tomorrow, but tempus
will fugit. It has been a wonderful rest for all hands, and we
go back to Groton full of zest and the will to work, glad of
the holiday, grateful to the dear people that still make this
place alive with memories, and happy that they both are well.

Tuesday
Aug 15

The Lynea family made quick work of packing up, and left about 9 a. m. We shall miss them, and are very grateful for all the work they did, taking off sheetens and getting our quarters ready for us.

Billy Ticknor is now the man of the camp. However, Ernest Cook is coming to attend to wood, ice and Mexico, until John Shaw arrives.

Wednesday
Aug 16.

The weather continues to be warm and mild. Last evening there was a thunder-shower; it was pleasantly refreshing here, but quite destructive in Winthrop, I believe.

Thursday
Aug 17.

Sadie Stevens (Mrs. Willie Stevens) arrived this morning. She is now queen of the kitchen, and we shall fare royally.

Friday
Aug 18.

J. R. arrived in time for lunch, piloting the way for Mr. + Mrs. Henry Kittredge.

They all came from Indian Point where they have been for a few days. Mr. and Mrs. Kittredge could only make us a brief visit, and left soon after lunch. J. R. spent the night. We hope he will come soon again.

Late in the evening arrived John Shaw, as glad to get here as we are to have him.

Saturday Aug 1.

J. R. went back to Gardiner in the morning. In the evening came Louis and Barbara Zahner and three of their children: Dick, John and Barbara.

Sunday Aug 2

Five Zahners, four Ticknors and two Shaws make quite a respectable camp family. J. W. S. went in to Gardiner for a call, and found all going well. We had a good rain in the evening.

Monday ^{morning}
Aug 21

The Zahner family left after breakfast, headed for Cancongomock. We hope they will stop again on their way back.

Tuesday Aug 22
^{hot.}

John Shaw and J. W. S. lunched at Yellow House. H.R. is making good progress in his recovery from a dreadful carbuncle.

On our return to camp we found "Pop" Coming. He only stayed for a short call, but we hope he will come again later.

Wednesday
Aug 23

A pleasant camp day, with no particular doings.

Thursday
Aug 24.

Francis Haggety and Kitty White arrived by car just before supper. In the morning R.R. came for a good little call.

Friday Aug 25-

Martha Bradley arrived. Her family has a camp at the North End of the pond where they have been for many summers. I went to Gardiner for errands and to see my family.

Saturday Aug 26

Bill Ticker arrived this morning, having come from N. Y. by the night train. Billy had caught two white perch last night - his first fish and the two W.D.I. had them for breakfast.

W.D.I. and Billy went fishing and the former caught a good bass.

John, Kitty, "Mandy" and Dean Haggerty had a supper picnic on Oak Island. They roasted corn, and had a merry time.

Sunday Aug 27.
Warm S.W.

Francis Haggerty left for Boston soon after lunch. John and Kitty took Mandy in the Oar, and left her at her father's camp at the north end of the pond.

Monday Aug 28

N.W.

The first north-west wind for weeks.

A great day, Billy Ticker passed the swimming.

test!

Kitty White took the Plane from Waterville to Boston, John driving her to the airport.

There was great crawfish catching at Goose Beach. John, Bill and Billy got a pail full.

J.R. arrived late in the afternoon.

In the evening he, Bill and Elizabeth caught 18 white perch off the point. N.B. the wind had changed to S.E. — our clear N.W. spell was short.

Tuesday Aug 29

clear N.W.

The morning was spent doing various chores. J.R. went bush-whacking, E.S.T. and I went to Waterville with the two younger children and bought out the town, more or less.

The men went fishing in the afternoon and John caught a good base — abt 2 lbs

Mr + Mrs. Henry Hitchcock dropped in for a call. He was here in 1920.

Wednesday Aug 30

J.R. left soon after breakfast. I lunched at Gardner, coming back to camp in time for my birthday party! a wonderful party, with Billy, Arthur and

Tuesday

Sept 1.

cloudy.

Bob and Nouch, John and E. J. P. went to Watermill & play golf in the morning. TR-TR. came out for a little call.

There was much playing with the diving bell which Bob made in Peterson & Neville's shop. It is very successful, and the boys walked about on the bottom of the pond.

Eliot Putnam left after supper.

Saturday Sept 2

S. cloudy.

Harry Shaw arrived via TR-TR. thus making the family complete. Bob and Nouch went to Gardiner & call.

Sunday Sept 3

Harry, Dorothy, Teddy and I went to Gardiner for a call this morning. In the evening there was a fishing expedition, and a good mess of white perch were caught. After the fishermen came in we had a fine sing-song.

Julie as my guests.

Ham and Edie Richards and their dog Sherry arrived early in the afternoon.

E. J. P. also came in the afternoon, just in time for a swim before

supper came Barbara + "Zu" Zahner and three children. They have had a wonderful trip. Fifteen in camp tonight

Thursday Aug 31

The Zahners left soon after breakfast, with Groton as their destination. Ham and Edie were off about noon, headed for Gardiner, where they were going to lunch.

Donny, her mother "Phoebe" Williams, and little Teddy arrived late in the afternoon, with Tommy-dog. They had had a long day's drive, but Tedd was not too tired.

Much ping-pong is being played. This afternoon John and Bill went fishing and caught one bass.

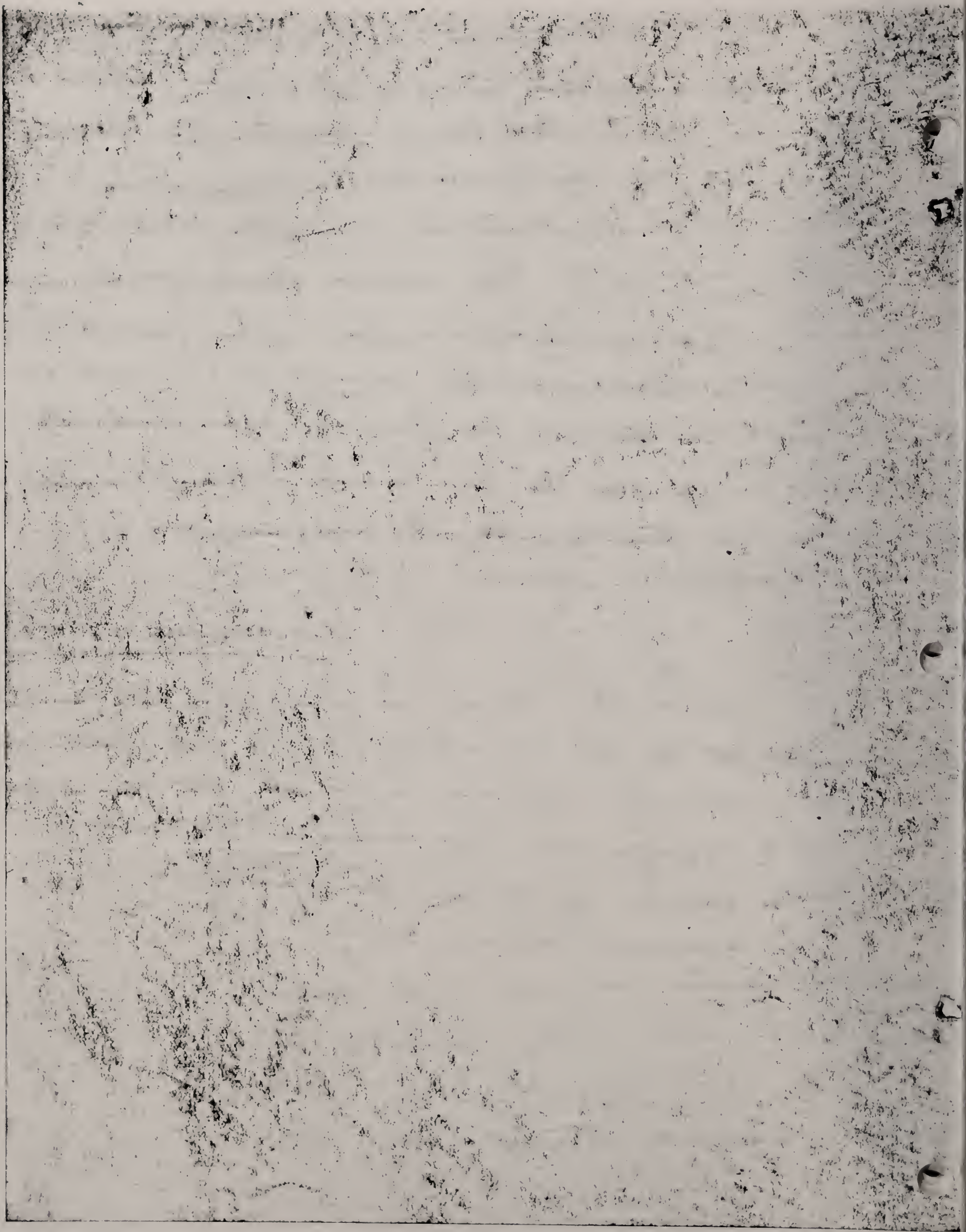
Bob and Nouch arrived about 10 p.m.

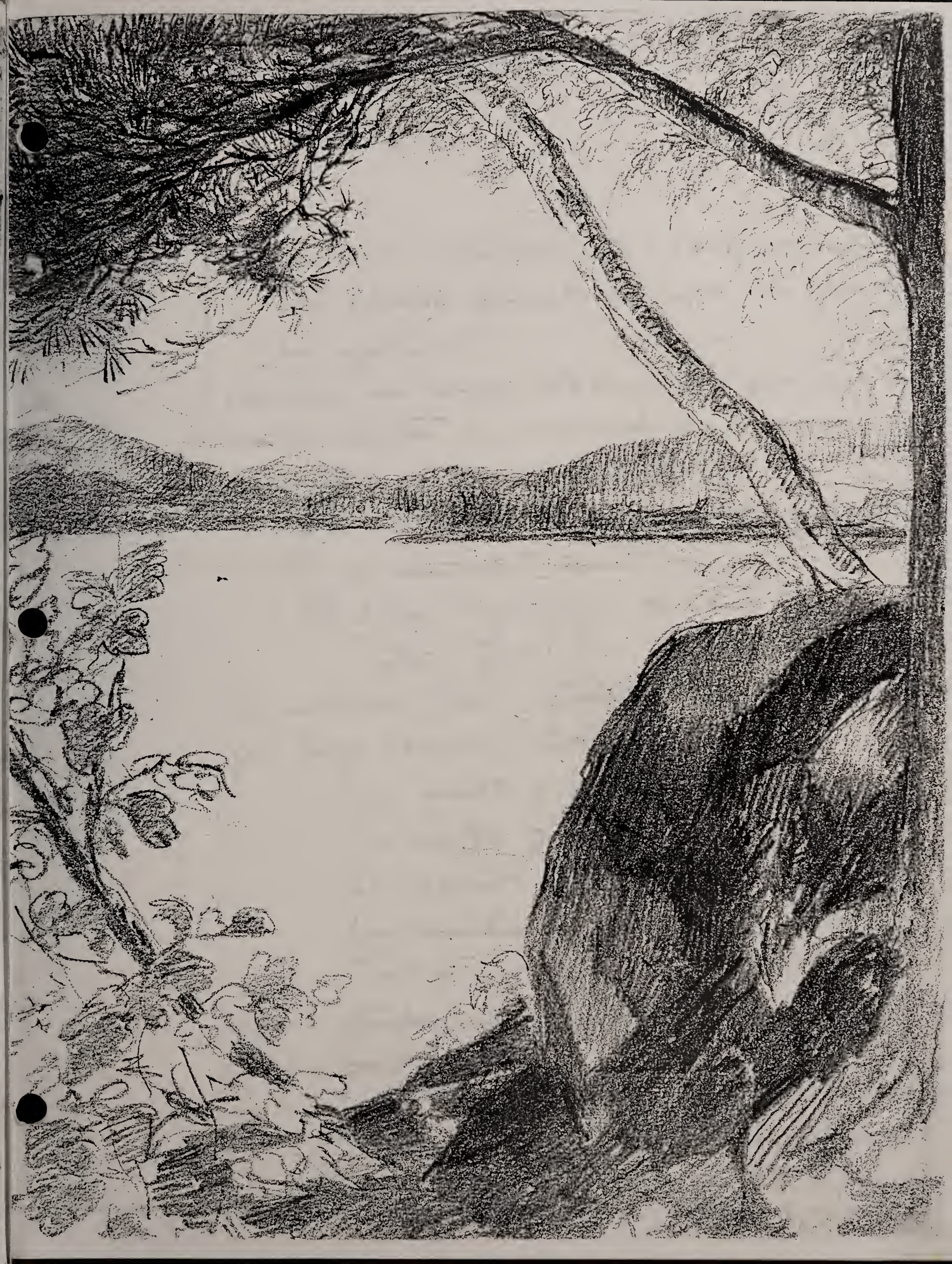
Monday Sept 4.

Harvey and his family left about 10 a.m. with ~~the~~ a canoe, the Bear Paws on top of their car. There was a good last sail in the Bob White, and then her mast and sail were put away, and she was put to bed in her house in pine parlor. I made a call in Gardiner in the p.m., and found all well. Bill left by the evening train from Belgrade. A huge train with two engines and fifteen sleepers.

Tuesday Sept 5. 1939

John with 'Bijah as passenger, Bob and Noel got off at 7.30. The rest of us will soon take off, leaving Sadie to do the final tidying, and Chas. Anderson the actual closing of camp. It has been a wonderful three weeks!





A "Capitaine Bigot ! C'est votre tour ! Voulez-vous chanter
votre chanson admirable au sujet de la femme
du capitaine ?"

B Volontiers, mes amis, volontiers ! Il faut que tout-
monde chante vigoureusement le choeur !
Assûrement, mon brave ! Oui ! Oui !

B "J'ai trois fois baisé la femme du capitaine !!
Si le lieutenant savait ça
Il dirais, sacré nom de chien !

Zut ! Zut ! Zut ! " (laughter)

A Et maintenant, Jules ! C'est la chanson de quinze
que nous désirons ! Commencez !

B "La viande qui peut
La viande qui sent
Les asticots qui baladent dedans,
Les mouches qui tombent dans le râteau
Tout ça, c'est pour le soldat !"

C alors ! attendez, mes braves ! Je veux vous donner
un toast !

" Quand il faudra culbutter tu boirra
Nous sommes tous dans le même embarass,
" " " " la garde impériale

Amicalement ! →

A

Capitaine Biçot! Racontez cette petite histoire espagnole.
C'est bien amusant! C'est-à-dire, ça qui
commence "Il y ^{avait} ~~est~~ une fois un certain monsieur
de Madrid -". Hein? "

B

Ah, oui! C'est ça! "Et alors, "cet homme a
eu beaucoup de plaisir innocent avec —"

C

(Empereur) Bien fâché, messieurs. Mais il faut que
je ~~sois~~ ^{fait} mon travail seul. Encore un chanson
avant que je parte. Quelque chose que tout le monde
peuvent chanter.

A - B - C

Au près de ma blonde!

Au'il fait bon! fait bon! fait bon!

Au près de ma blonde!

Au'il fait bon dormir!

(repeat, *diminuendo*, as all, sans Empereur, leave by
(the west window.) (Empereur re-enters H. & tent)]

—

: (Capt) -- Comment?

ence: 'Tis naught! I once knew a chap that's now a major o' Dragoons - but there's plenty o' them.

CUE: (Capt) Ah! vraiment? (Marching outside: both turn to window)

CUE: (Emperor) .. où est le Maréchal Junot?

Terence: Il est tout près d'ici, Majesté. Il va venir tout de suite.

(goes outside and calls) Ordinance! Allez chercher le Maréchal Junot; C'est le sixième qu'il se place. Vite!

CUE (Emperor) .. Vous étiez avec Dessay - ah, mon pauvre Dessay!

Terence: C'était là que je fus blessé pour la première fois pour la France

CUE: (Emperor) .. Capitaine McCannigan, d'où êtes-vous en Irlande?

Terence: Près de Killarney, Majesté.

CUE: (Emperor) .. Vous connaissez bien le plupart des habitants de position, n'est-ce pas?

Terence: Mais bien sûr, Majesté.

CUE: (Emperor) (exit on line, "Ah, Junot, comment ça va?")

Terence: (solus) Powers above! It sure must be Mike. Now that's the devil to pay, though it seems him right. I'll have to identify him - that I will. Say he's a merchant, the old shpalpeen. Nothing wrong with his papers, so far as they can see. Bedad, an he even seems to have a letter o' identification from old Fouché himself. Gad! what a how-de-do it is! An' 'tis plain as the nose on yer face that Napoleon is after me to identify him. He was pleased to be right polite to me - tweaked my ear, he did. Oh! what the devil! a chap to do. Mike! Mike! I can't go back on ye. Ye're the best friend a chap ever had! But why - why - did ye jine up with the

Scene 2 (HQ of General Junot, before Corunna.)

Terence

CUE: (Business outside; marching orders, etc., enter Terence.)

Terence: Bon jour, mon poteau. Comment ça va?

CUE: (Capt.).. I haf made ze grand progress, is it not?

Terence: Sure, an' that's so right, René; you're doin' foine. I'll no be havin' you learn British; 'tis the Irish turn of spack ye'll be after havin'. Plessur God, there'll be no use for the other after we've got your friend, Wellesley, out of Corunna.

CUE: (Capt.) He is what you call ze hard nut to crack!

Terence: Niver mind, René; we'll crack him, all right. I've just been attendin' old Junot round the worrups, and I'm thinkin' we'll give Sir Arthur something to think about.

CUE: (Capt.).. Sacré Nom! It iss too aggravate!

Terence: Sure, an' it does seem that there's information lakin' out - but it's hard to say just where - so many Spaniards and dagoes in the army, - and what wi' them sutlers and civilians and camp-followers, an' all -

CUE: (Capt.).. Zey say zat he is a Irish.

Terence: The Holy Saints have mercy! Ye don't tell me that! If it's Irish he is, he'll be smart, an' no mistake. But ye can tell a Britisher a mile away. What else have ye heard of him? Do ye know where he comes from?

CUE: (Capt.).. zat he is Commandant of Heavy Dragoons.

Terence: The devil you say! An' now that sounds as though it might be Mike. 'Tis just the woid sort of thing the old fool'd be after

